

*The Historie of*

*Prince* Come hither, *Frances*. *Frances* My lord.

*Prince* How long hast thou to serue, *Frances*?

*Frances* Forsooth fīue yeeres, and as much as to

*Poines* *Frances*.

*Frances* Anone, anone sir.

*Prince* Fīue yeeres, berlady a long lease for the clinking of pewter; But *Frances*, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it,

*Frances* O lord sir, ile be sworne vpon all the books in *Eng. land*. I could finde in my heart

*Poines* *Frances*. *Frances* Anone sir.

*Prince* How olde arte thou, *Frances*?

*Frances* Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shal be

*Poines* *Frances*.

*Frances* Anone sir, pray you stay alittle my lord.

*Prince* Nay but hearke you *Frances*, for the sugar thou gauest me, 'twas a penyworth, wast not?

*Frances* O lord, I would it had bin two.

*Prince* I will giue thee for it, a thousand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

*Poines* *Frances* *Frances* Anone, anone.

*Prince* Anone *Frances*? No *Frances*, but to morrow *Frances*: or *Frances*, on thursday: or indeede *Frances*, when thou wilt. But *Frances*.

*Frances* My lord.

*Prince* Wilt thou robbe this leatherne jerkin, cristall button, not-pated, agat ring, puke stocking, caddice garter, smoothe tongue, Spanish powch?

*Frances* O lord sir, who doe you meane?

*Prince* Why then your browne bastard is your onely drinke: for looke you *Frances*, your white canuasse doublet will sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much:

*Frances* What sir? *Poines* *Frances*.

*Prince* Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call?

*Heere they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to goe.*

*Enter Vintner.*

*Vint.* What, standst thou still, and hearst such a calling? looke

*Henry the fourth.*

to the ghefts within. My Lord, old sir Iohn with halfe a douzen more, are at the doore, shall I let them in?

*Prin.* Let them alone a while, and then open the doore: *Poines.*

*Poines.* Anon, Anon sir.

*Enter Poines.*

*Prince.* Sirra, Falstaffe and the rest of the theeues are at the doore, shall we be merry?

*Poi.* As merry as Crickets, my lad, but harke ye, what cunning match haue you made with this iest of the Drawer? come, what's the issue?

*Prince.* I am now of all humors, that haue shewed themselves humors, since the olde dayes of goodman Adam, to the pupill age of this present twelue a clocke at midnight. What's a clocke *Frances*?

*Fran.* Anon, anon sir.

*Prin.* That euer this fellow should haue fewer wordes then a Parrat, and yet the sonne of a woman. His industrie is vp staires and downe staires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percies minde, the Hotspur of the North, he that kills me some fixe or seauen douzen of Scots at a breakefast, washes his handes, and sayes to his wife, Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my sweet Harry, saies she! how many hast thou kild to day? Giue my Roane horse a drench (sayes hee) and answers, some fourteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in Falstaffe, ile play Percy, and that damnde Brawne shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. *Rino*, saies the drunkard: call in Ribs, call in Tallow.

*Enter Falstaffe.*

*Poines.* Welcome Iacke, where hast thou beene?

*Falst.* A plague of all cowards I say, and a vengeance too, marry and Amen: giue me a cup of sacke boy. Ere I leade this life long, ile sowe neather stockes, and mend them, and foote them too. A plague of all cowards. Giue me a cup of sacke, rogue, is there no vertue extant?

*he drinketh.*

*Prince.* Didst thou neuer see Titan kisse a dish of butter, pitifull harted Titan that melted at the sweete tale of the sunne: if thou didst, then behold that compound.

*Falst.*